Supernatural, Michael/Gabriel, Wing!Kink and marking/claiming

young John!Michael/Gabriel, set just after that episode with Michael taking a pit stop to see Gabriel before returning to the future. R, about 500~ words, and ye gods.

I should be NaNoing, but this thing called to me. Maybe I'll work it into my novel somehow. At least the 'bend Gabriel over a table' bit. *plots*

Gabriel is held down over the table by Michael's weight, his wings manifested and held in place by Michael's hands.

"Michael," He is saying, struggling to lift himself, to turn over. "Where'd you come from?"

It's the wrong era, the wrong time for Michael to be down here, walking the Earth like he is. It's still twenty years before he'll need to start thinking about bothering the Winchesters, and it's almost thirty years before angels will begin to walk the earth again.

It doesn't change the fact that Michael is here, warm and solid on his back, running his hands through Gabriel's feathers.

Gabriel gives up on struggling, once Michael leans closer in and bites Gabriel's shoulder, hard. It hurts, it's going to leave a mark, and Gabriel can't do anything but go limp in Michael's hold and let him take control. It's a holdover from the old days, back when he and Michael were close, were in Heaven together, back when Michael knew how to unravel Gabriel and put him back together in time for duties.

He trusts Michael, even after all of these years, and even with this future Michael on him.

"Gabriel," Michael murmurs, and Gabriel can't stop himself from shivering. "It has been too long."

He doesn't give Gabriel a chance to reply, and instead returns to stroking Gabriel's feathers firmly. It doesn't take long before Gabriel is shaking, grabbing at the edges of the table, grinding down as Michael leans in to bite at some wing joints.

He's sensitive, over-sensitive to Michael's hands and mouth, and he cries out as Michael tugs on a feather just so.

Then there are Michael's fingers over an old, old mark that rests just to the left of where his wing connects to his body, hidden by feathers. Gabriel arches, crying out again as heat flares through his body.

Michael digs his fingers in, and then the heat in Gabriel's body intensifies, begins to burn almost unpleasantly as Michael renews the marking.

Michael's other hand is still sorting through Gabriel's feathers, and then the heat within him touches a part of him he'd long since buried when he came to Earth, and then Gabriel is shouting, coming hard.

He collapses on the table, shuddering at how cold the wood feels against how warm he still feels, and he realizes then that Michael must have destroyed his clothing at some point in the proceedings when he was too distracted to notice.

"You'll come back to me when this is over, Gabriel," Michael commands in a whisper, and even though Gabriel can barely speak, can barely *think*, he manages a half whispered, half moaned 'yes.'

And then, abruptly, Michael is gone with the sound of mighty wings, and Gabriel is left to slide off of the table.

His shoulder still burns where Michael bit him, and Michael's marking feels fresh and sore on his skin and in his soul, and Gabriel thinks that he wouldn't have it any other way.